



SCIENCE MADE SIMPLE: NO. 1

Though this column is intended solely as a vehicle for well-timed drillery, the editors of *Matheson* have agreed to let you see this space from time to time for a short lesson in science. They are the most decent and obliging of men, the editors of *Matheson*, so anyone can tell from sampling their products why from long-time users could come such a lot to like—such *Matheson*, such *Flip-top* box. The other makes the flavor pleasant, the lot pleasant. Who can resist such a winning combination? Rightly said I.

Today let us take up the science of medicine, which was invented in 1900 by a Greek named Hippocrates. He was galledened around him a group of devoted disciples whom he called "doctors." The action he called them "doctors" was that they spent all their time sitting around the dark and clearing the tavern. In truth, there was little else for them to do because doctors were not invented until 1917.

After that, doctors became very busy, but it must be admitted that their knowledge of medicine was lamentably meagre. They knew only one treatment—a change of climate. For example, a French doctor would send all his patients to Switzerland, a Swiss doctor, on the other hand, would send all his patients to France. By 1750 the entire population of France was dying in Switzerland, and vice versa. This later became known as the Black Ten Epidemic.

Not until 1921 did medicine, as we know it, arise again below. In that year in the little Bavarian village of Jugs-Pugs an elderly physician named Winkie discovered the hot water bottle. He was, of course, burned as a witch, but his son Lydia, disguised as a doctor, took his way to America where he invented the Mayo Brothers.

Medicine, as it is taught at your very own college, can be divided roughly into two classifications. There is internal medicine,

which is the treatment of internal, and external medicine, which is the treatment of externs.

Externs also fall into two broad categories—chronic and acute. Chronic disease is, of course, inflammation of the chron, which can be mighty painful, believe you me! Last summer my cousin Haskell was stricken with a chronic attack while he was out picking up football, and it was months before he watched they could straighten up. In fact, even after he was cured, Haskell continued to walk around bent over double. This went on for several years before Dr. Colgate, the kindly old country practitioner who treats Haskell, discovered that Haskell had his trousers buttoned to his waist.

Two years ago Haskell had Addison's disease. (Addison, curiously enough, had Haskell's.) Poor Haskell catches everything that comes along. Lookin' old Dr. Colgate once said to him, "Now, I guess you are what they call a natural born snicker."

"The joke is on you, Doc," replied Haskell. "I am a third baseman." He thereupon fell into such a fit of giggling that the doctor had to put him under



meditation, where he is to this day.

But I digress. We were discussing medicine. I have now told you all I can, the rest is up to you. Go over to your mud school and pick around. Bring papers and watch an operation. Keep such other. Contribute to the bone bank. . . . And remember, medicine can be fun!

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